

HOLD TIGHT

#1

A PERSONAL ZINE

OCTOBER @)!@

2012

welcome to the first ever issue
of hold tight. it's my first zine
in six years. mainly it is thanks to
the first typewriter i have ever
owned. but also it is a result of
bottled up emotions, and being really
sad one winter. it's october 3rd.
this week has been hotter than at any
point during the summer and i am hopped
up on coffee. i wrote something about
wanting to quit drinking in here and i
would like to let it be officiollay known
that i'm participating in sober october
and we'll see how it goes from there.
my name is holly & i'm also. do you wanna
write me a letter? i would love that!

my address is :

1108 magnolia street
oakland, ca 94607

it feels like summer and i've been having
nature adventures and biking home at
night, accompanied by the full moon in
just a skirt, no leggings. next week
it'll be cold again but i'm trying to
savor it.

fashion without politics terrifies me. maybe because i am "from the internet" this is especially relvant. where people (especially white girls) have access to everything out there and quickly try to emulate chloe sevigny, or japanese street fasion, or grimes or

whatever else but have no desire to think critically about anything and think that having colored hair and hairy armpits makes them unique, and weird and therefore not completely mainstream/oppressive it gets really scary really fast. people who see fashion as their holy grail, who just want to wear cute things and never have to question the implications and how severely fucked the fasion industry can be (dolce & gabbana's minstrel earrings in 2012, chloe sevigny play ing a trans character and saying fucked up things about trans women whoa how cutting edge and shocking - not upholding the status quo /psyche!)

hey
get

super defensive when you try to call
on this stuff. this is feminism as fashion,
these people who worship katherine
hanna and whatever other thin white cis
girl is popular at the time.

never thinking twice
about who is NOT being represented.

i am a huge supporter
of dressing up being
powerful and using
outfits as armor/or
escape from the

bore of daily life/whatever else

but to all my fellow white girls out
there who think they're too weird

and therefore above reproach:

you should be taken down a bunch
of notches. and fuck you.

august 2011

just because you see
WARNING: your father for the first
time in 9 years doesn't
mean it will resolve anything.

don't expect closure.
don't expect it to be
meaningful or life changing.

he will refuse to admit that
any time has passed. his hair
will be wild and unkempt and
he will be wearing tennis shoes
but he will not have deteriorated
into something unrecognizable to
you (which will be weirdly dis-
appointing).

when you tell him you just had
your birthday, that now you're
26 his only response will be
"you're just a baby." which is
true. but don't expect him to
acknowledge the fact that the last
time you saw each other, you had
just turned 17. (4)

he will definitely tell you the same weird stories that were old then and are just unsettling now. you can't even remember the things he talks about incessantly because you were only 3 or 4, but those are the stories he likes the best. the ones that freeze you in time. the ones he can pull out every now and then, the ones labeled "daughter" that take up all the space so there's no room for who you have actually become. he will not care about what you've been up to recently. that you graduated college or live in the bay area. he will have forgotten huge chunks of stuff that happened when he was still around when you were older. peep, ie you talked about everyday, things that were super important to you; because these things don't fit into his picture of you.

it's okay though, little one.
seeing him after all this time
will not be as heartbreaking
as you might imagine. this
person who caused you so much
harm as a child. but it will be
sad. he is so sad and crazy
and lonely. you will feel sorry
for him, but you know there is
nothing you can do to help him.

when he drops you off you will
say "well it was nice seeing you"
he won't say it back but when you
get home, you'll get an email
from him that says "i should have
told you when you were here but
it was nice seeing you too."
you'll wish it was more of a
milestone than it actually was.

he gave me a magnifying glass
in the shape of a turtle. he
got it at a thrift store. he

loves thrifting. sometimes, against
against my better judgement
it's ~~an~~ hard to not feel tenderness
for things like that. too bad.

Blood
from lung

"would you recognize me if you

from lungs

saw me on the street" he'll ask.

Head

"of course" you'll say.
"how could i not?" "would
you recognize me?"
he'll say no, and maybe he
wouldn't. but maybe that was
his admission. his concession
that yes, actually, a bunch
of time had passed.

Vein
from body

(8)

in july, i flew to miami for
305 fest. just for the weekend.
downtown miami and south beach
are like if waikiki took steroids
and became an amusement park in
los angeles. miami is like if
la were a tropical island. miami
is sprawl and rucked up construction
highways. if everyone in waikiki had
a ridiculously fancy car, it would
be like miami.

you sweat into your
eyeballs and between your thighs, and
anywhere you have skin. you can jump
in the ocean but it is bathtub warm,
almost the same temprerature as the
air.

305 fest was 3 days long,

but we only went for one day.

the first thing i noticed
was that the bands were almost 100%
males. at least on the day i went.

there
were a good amount of ladies there,
but not a lot in the pit, and mostly

in the back. one girl was on stage
almost the whole time, levin life,
but for the most part it was just dudes

spent a lot of time sitting outside, which was nostalgic for sure. we smoked cigarettes and got fucked up and peepked atched all over the dirty ground.

but noothgrush, oh man, noothgrush. i didn't know they had a female drummer

and she almost made me care about that kind of music which normally i don't. it was so heavy. i was like, fuck, i bet she feels so good

when she does that, hits those drums with brutal force. it was beautiful.

i didn't really know who any of the other bands were so i can't remembdr or differentiate one from the other. except that one group of old dudes who had a bunch of songs about generic politcal things. "this is a song about a woman's right to choose!" they yelled, and all the straight dudes cheered. yawnnn. other than that i just stood around watching people love each other and love music which was really kind of awesome and amazing.

i feel trapped in my own
fucked up head sometimes
and i want to rip my skin off
i feel sad and crazy and
completely pointless. it's ok
to feel those feelings and it's
always good to be honest with
yourself. but it's not possible
to live life like that. this year
i've been trying to find reasons
to get out of bed, and things to
look forward to. very little helps,
but some stuff does.

little things
like cutting and dyeing my hair, or
painting my nails are meditative and
allow me to transform myself when i am
lost in self-hate. x—

it gives me something to
focus on instead of my swirling
emotions and afterward i go to see
an outer change which sometimes gives
me a feeling of inner change.

Lungs

reading books and listening to music
that inspires me to do something
different., sewing patches on clothes,
all of these things make me concentrate

on something outside of myself, which
creates a tiny change inside of myself.
riding my bike always helps, using
my body to get me somewhere makes
me feel strong and capable.

I moved into a house i really like
and have been losing touch with people

who made me
feel bad and putting

a lot of energy
into relationships

with supportive,
awesome people.

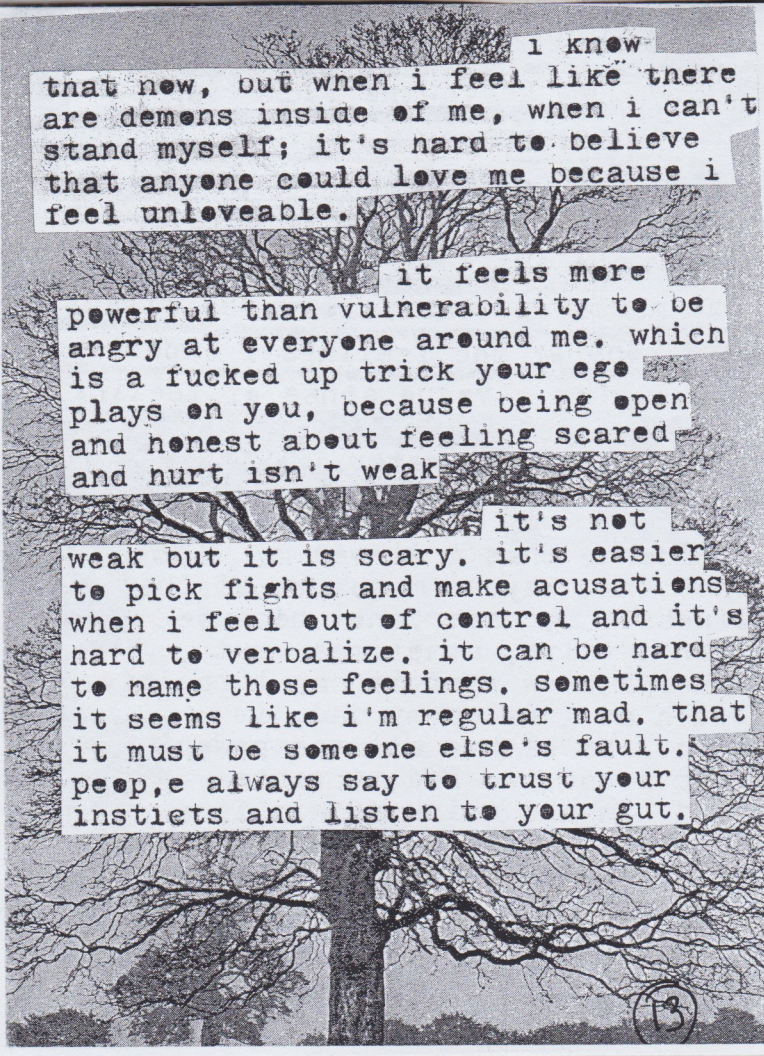
this all seems really
elementary but you can't go further

until you have the basics down.

this growth is taking a lot longer
than i expected.

sometimes anger and meanness can feel like strength, or power. the fucked up part about being abused is that you can become abusive. that is scary but it's the kind of thing i have to be aware of. i have to be aware of my anger and how it can manifest itself to the detriment of others. one of the feelings i experience most often is a vague sense of feeling gross, like a monster.

it's not a coincidence that i viewed my father that way. i'm scared of the ugliness of my anger, not because it isn't valid, sometimes. but because i know what it can turn into. as much as i hated my dad, it seemed like he had all the power in our house. we had to tiptoe around him and think of him first and try to keep him from being mad at us. it seemed like that was strength, but it wasn't.



i know
that now, but when i feel like there
are demons inside of me, when i can't
stand myself; it's hard to believe
that anyone could love me because i
feel unloveable.

it feels more
powerful than vulnerability to be
angry at everyone around me. which
is a fucked up trick your ego
plays on you, because being open
and honest about feeling scared
and hurt isn't weak.

it's not
weak but it is scary. it's easier
to pick fights and make accusations
when i feel out of control and it's
hard to verbalize. it can be hard
to name those feelings. sometimes
it seems like i'm regular mad. that
it must be someone else's fault.
people always say to trust your
instincts and listen to your gut.

but how do i know if my craziness
hasn't crept in? how do i know
if i'm listening to the right voice?

sometimes the loudest one is the most
dangerous one. sometimes my instinct
tells me to destroy everything around
me.

let it eat me from the inside out.
i guess the point is: how do you take
what you know about patterns and
anger, and use it in healthy ways
so you never do what was done to you.
to anyone else. EVER.

i don't want to be like him.
i don't have to. it's not my
destiny. but the only way it
won't happen is if i learn to
identify it. own it, address it,
leave other people out of it.

forgiving our fathers
by dick lourie

how do we forgive our fathers?
maybe in a dream
do we forgive our fathers for

leaving us too often

or forever

when we were little?

maybe for scaring us with

unexpected rage

or making us nervous
because there never seemed

to be any rage there at all

do we forgive our fathers

for marrying

or not marrying
our mothers?
for divorcing
or not divorcing
our mothers?

and shall we forgive them

for ~~their~~ excesses

of warmth,
or coldness

for pushing or leaning?

shall we forgive them

for shutting doors
for speaking through walls
or never speaking
or never being silent?

do we forgive our fathers

in our age or in theirs

or their deaths
saying it to them
or not saying it?

if we forgive our fathers

(16)

what is left?

BIRTH RIGHT

AKA THINGS I HAVE IN COMMON

WITH MY DAD

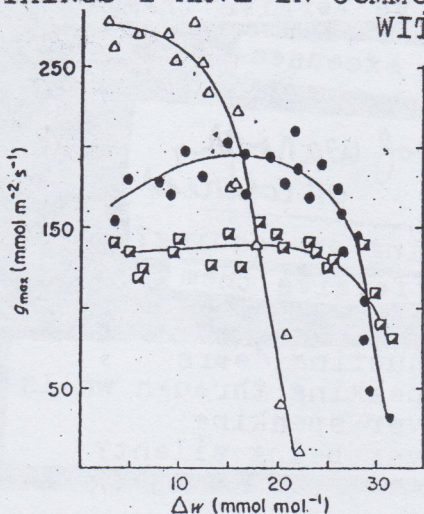


Fig. 4. Representative rehydrated (closed circles) and (c) *Salicornia* provides a graphical

1. anger
2. obsession with office supplies
3. watching tv to self-soothe
4. being "smart" (whatever that means) but useless
5. tendency to alienate myself
6. did i mention anger?
7. hating our dads

list of things that are awesome:

1. chlorosis lipstick from portland
black lipstick company (fix sweet tip
from ari - the flyest lady)

2. lady schmelkins - the house cat,
tortoise shell dreamboat, queen of my
world

3. lynda barry - so many good cries
this year reading hero

4. zami a new spelling of my name
by audre lorde one of the best books
i've ever read. what an epic genius.

5. rivers and lakes

6.. lavender and basil

(18)

i guess i thought that if
i asked that right questions
i would receive satisfying

(19)

answers. this has been going
on for years. by now i should
have learned that you say what
you think i want to hear. what-
ever it takes to change the subject.

where does that leave us my dear?

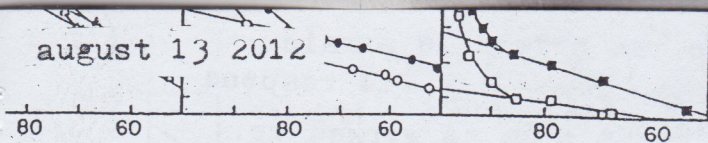
you're not lying, just bending the
truth into the shape that looks
the prettiest. not that this is
our fault. i'm sure that dealing
with me when shit gets rough is no
fun. i wonder if that is the crux of
the problem, though. i used to think
our differences were really good. that
they kept things balanced. now i wonder
if they keep us from getting anywhere.

you are sweet. i know you mean well
but i don't believe you. i know my
questions are leading and you're not
new around here; we've done this

before.

you hate processing and i'm trying to
force a conversation that you don't
want to have. where does that leave us?

august 13 2012



one of the main reasons i am making this zine is anger. i have a lot of rage in my little body. some of it is for good reasons. we live in a fucked up world that constantly destroys beautiful people and i'm

nbols)
taliana
ss in e
or deti

furios for myself and other people for our part in it. but i have come to realize that my anger can be toxic sometimes, when my hatred for the injustices of a white supremacist-capitalist-patriarchy gets mixed up



with my seaprarate anger issues related to my childhood it comes spewing out like toxic bile on the people around me. i think it's important to process the valid feelings of anger without ranting forever to a trapped audience in a manner that verges on abusive.

where the person is afraid

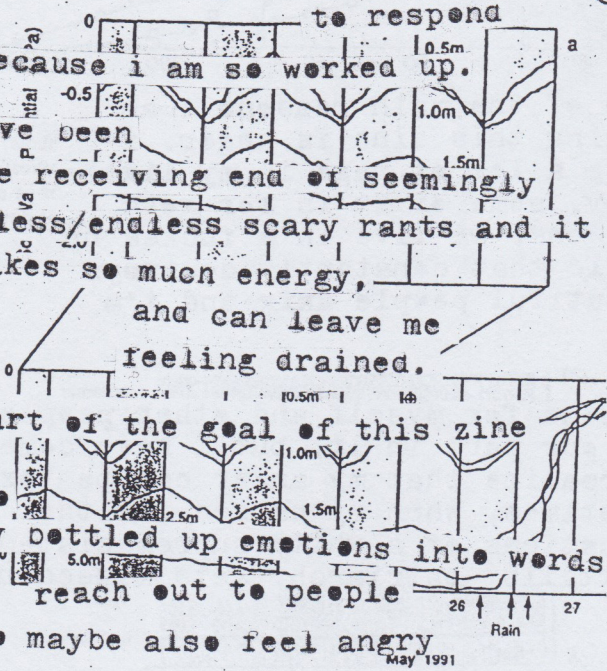
because I am so worked up.
I have been
at the receiving end of seemingly
interminable/endless scary rants and it
takes so much energy,

and can leave me
feeling drained.
part of the goal of this zine
is to
put my bottled up emotions into words
and reach out to people

who maybe also feel angry

will you talk to me about this?

at five
sugar maple trees (*Acer saccharum*) for (a) a thirty hour period at
the end of a 16 d drought period, and (b) over a six and one-half
day period including the drought period and following three rainy
periods (indicated by arrows along the x-axis). Stippled panels rep-
resent the dark period of each day. Midnight on a particular day
is approximately where each new number appears. The lines re-
present a temperature corrected average of measur



XXX●●

the day before portland zine
symposium mackenzie tattoos a knife
knife on my arm "sharpened exactly
for one white boy." and i love it.
janie and i drove three hours from

seattle to portland we stopped to get
gas in a tiny town with a post office
the size of a trailer. i mean, the
post office was a trailer. we got
stuck in traffic at one point because
a truck~~xx~~ had spilled all the stuff

it was hauling (it looked like flour)
all over the freeway. we got there late
in the afternoon on saturday. at first
i was really overwhelmed because i had
never seen so many zines in one place
before. we went to a workshop and in
typical me fashion i read something out
loud and regretted it. but oh wellll. it
was ok to try. i had to do a lap (or 3)

before i was able to actually buy
anything the mend my dress press
ladies about corin with corin songs to
accompany it. i showed neely bat my
brand new stick and poke and i felt
like it was destiny. i got so many am
azing zines. it was really inspiring
and made me want to come home and
start this zine right away. — (22) —

is what they need.

1965 Mao Zedong launches Cultural Revolution in China
2011 Paryushana (Jain)

AUG. → SEP
TEM
BER

23

wake up in the middle of the
night with a death grip on my heart,
cold sweat, clenched jaw. i can't
go back to sleep. i turn on my xmas
lights



and try to read something calming.

i'm scared of losing the love
in my life because i don't know
how to talk to people anymore.

hey. hey.

i have a desire within ^{like} myself
and i'm afraid of it. ^{it by talkies}

i'm working on tough but tender.

it's a new concept for me.
i got a gushy

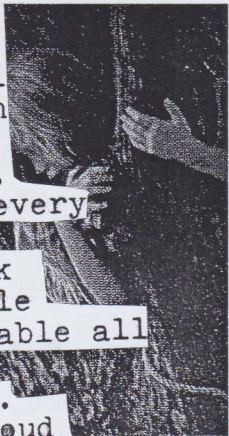
and good for nothing heart
i'm trying to

mend and make amends.

1839 Cheroh

1996 Scattered protests around the country greet US bombing of Iraq

i just got a job at a bakery
and i have never worked some
where that the offensive bull
shit and personal information
flowed so freely, or loudly.
it's really horrible feeling.
i mean, i guess pretty much every
place i've worked has been
problematic in some way (work
is fucked up) but these people
just put everything on the table all
day everyday abd it just
doesn't stop for two xsecons.
they also yell about super loud
to the point where customers can
definitely hear. it's especially
weird because even the owner
participates in the conversations
so where do you begin to call it
out? it's just the culture there
it seems. uit's like: if you don't
like it you can leave. that's it.
no one has any dezsire to tone it
down and it feels like i'm in
bizarro land all day.



the way we experience time or predation by insects
the fact that it doesn't remain 25
constant is something everyone 780

knows, or has felt. time can speed
up or move slowly. habits that began
10 years ago begin to play themselves
out in previously unseen ways. when i
first started drinking i hated it. i
was a stoner and i thought drinking

was gross & expensive. i never imagined
that one day weed would make me **paranoid**.

before i knew it i started drinking
a lot. i remember not so long ago
smoking cigarettes

was an important part of my identity.

i wrote about it, sharing cigarettes
with friends on porches. i loved
reading about it.

i liked being a part of 'smoking
culture" but now it feels weird to bike
down the street singing

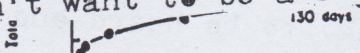
"we'll go to sleep when we're dead and
i'll quit when i'm 25" - p.s. eliot

except now i'm 27 and it's—

not fun or cool anymore.

i wish i could quit.

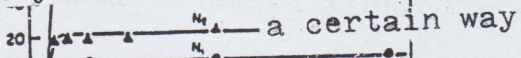
i don't want to be a smoker anymore.



when did that happen?

what does this have to do with time/?

i spent years living life



and then, what seems like

all of a sudden

it seems like it's out of control.


Some relationships between years in the life of *but when* *alum subterraneum* at the post-flowering stage of various stages in development (note the break in the scale of development) (d) *Bromus*

you quit something you just have to keep not doing it.

for the rest of your life.

and if 10 years crept up on you this quickly, are you ready for the rest of your life? how do you know if it's

time to do something?

. wanna acknowledge my immense, 
unearned privilege and recognize
that there are millions of outlets
for voices like mine (white, cis,
straight-passing) to be heard and
to say thank you so much for reading
my words. it means a lot to me and
i wanna hear your words too. i wanna
have difficult conversations that

address how
fucked up this world is and what we
can do to change. this is a shout
out to grand jury resisters in the
pacific northwest and to the people
living in the phillipines. this is
to the protesters/radicals in athens
and mexico. this is to everyone who
is better/braver/stronger than i am
because you all are hella amazing and
world creating/destroying/changing.

LINKS

Brain

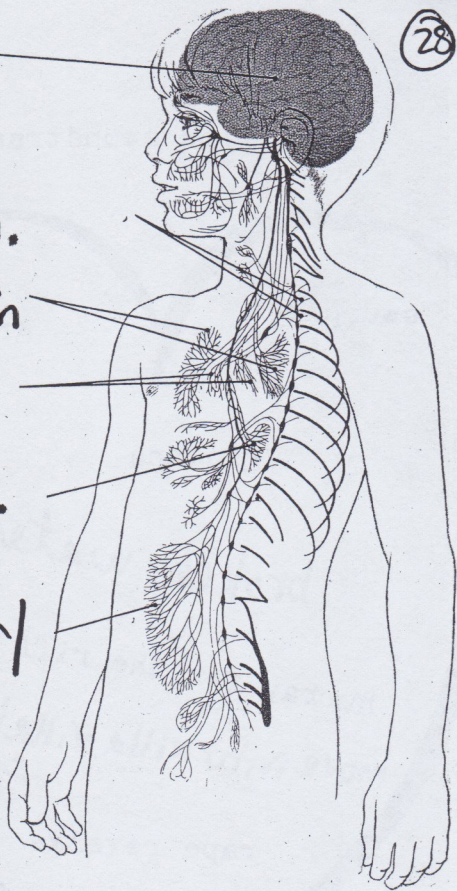
28

nopolitical
repression.
wordpress.
com

support
cece.
wordpress.
com

facebook.com/
we support
anonymous
phillippines

care2.com/causes/will-a-new-
law-make-trans-people-cyber-
criminals.html



the zine soundtrack

sourpatch

groke

rihanna

broken water

hurray for the riff raff

move into villa villakula
comp.

rape revenge

ok! that's all. it's november)
18th & already so much
has changed since i wrote
this. it started raining -
again. i quit the bakery
job i complained about
& i'm so relieved. also,
i addressed the desire
i was afraid of & it was
better than i could have
imagined. i still would
love it if you wrote me
a letter. Take care!

xo, holly

the nature pictures in this zine
were taken from a book called "the
wonder book of nature" eleventh
edition published by ward, lock & co
the pictures of bodies & kids are
from a book called "about me" by
childcraft - the how and why library
(volume 14) from 1982.

